

The Washington Times Magazine Page

The Inside of the Cup

A Great serial
OF ROMANCE, MYSTERY, ADVENTURE
By Winston Churchill.

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity.
"The Inside of the Cup," published serially here by permission of the Macmillan Company, and made into a photo play by Cosmopolitan Productions, is released as a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

THE year when Hodder had gone east to Bremerton and Bar Harbor, he had read in the train a magazine article which had to do with the lives of the men, the engineers who dared to deal with the wild and terrible power of the West, the men who harnessed and conquered roaring rivers and bent the power, hundreds of miles away, to turn the wheels of industry and light the dark places of the cities.

Sal, and like all men who came into such and such elemental mysteries, he had had his moments of ecstasy, getting a tingling, intense thrill from the contact with dynamic forces; and other moments when, in their struggle for mastery, they were buffeted about, scorched, and almost overwhelmed.

In these days the remembrance of that article came back to Hodder. It was as though he, too, were seeking to defeat and give the Force of forces. He, too, was buffeted, scorched and bruised, at periods scarce given time to recover himself in the onward rush he himself had started, and which he thought to control, and which he which demanded the quick thinking of emergency. He, too, had his moments of reward, the reward of the man who is in touch with reality.

He lived from day to day in a bewildering succession of adventures, elements and trials, all unprecedented. If he remained at St. John's an entire new organization would be necessary. He did not at all yet see it clearly; and in the meantime, awaiting the bishop's decision, he could make no definite plans, even if he had the leisure. Wholesale desultory had occurred. The activities of which had almost ceased. Little Tomkinson, the second assistant, had resigned; and McCrear, who worked harder than ever before, was already marked, Hodder knew, for dismissal if he himself were detected.

And then there was the ever-present question of money. It remained to be seen whether a system of voluntary offerings were practicable. For Hodder had made some inquiries into the so-called "free churches," only to discover that there were benefactors behind them, benefactors who were not, of course, as often doubtful. One morning he received in the mail the long-expected note from the bishop, making an appointment for the next day. Hodder, as he read it over again, smiled to himself. He could gather nothing of the mind of the writer from the contents.

The piece of news which came to him on the same morning swept completely the contemplations of the approaching interview from his mind. Sally Grover stopped in at the parish house on her way to business.

"Kate Marcy's gone," she announced, in her abrupt fashion. "Gone!" he exclaimed, and stared at her in dismay. "Gone where?"

"That's just it," said Miss Grover. "I wish I knew. I reckon we'd got into the habit of trusting her too much, but it seemed the only way. She wasn't in her room last night, but Ella Finley didn't find it out until this morning, and she was over, scared to death, to tell us about it."

Involuntarily the rector reached for his hat. "I've sent out word among our friends in Dalton street," Sally continued. "An accident, or something, has disturbed her outer, matter-of-fact calmness. But Hodder was not deceived; he knew that she was as profoundly grieved and discouraged as the cabinetmaker, on the job. If she's in Dalton street he'll find her."

"But what?"—Hodder began. "You never can tell with that kind. But it sticks in my mind she's done something foolish."

"Foolish?"

"Foolish?"

"Foolish?"

Sally twitched, nervously. "Somehow, I don't think it's a spree—but, as I say, you can't tell. She's full of impulses. You remember how she frightened us once before, when she went off and stayed overnight with the woman she used to know in the flat house, when she heard she was sick?"

Hodder nodded. "You've inquired there?"

"That woman went to the hospital, you know. She may be with another one. If she is, Gratz ought to find her. * * * You know, when I did not have much hope that we'd pull her through. But we got hold of her through her feelings. She'd do anything for us, and the way she stuck to that embroidery was fine. I don't say she was cured, but whenever she'd feel one of those fits coming on she'd let us know about it, and we'd watch her. And I never saw one of that kind change so. Why, she must be almost as good-looking now as she ever was."

"You don't think she has done anything—desperate?" asked Hodder slowly.

Sally comprehended. "Well—somehow, I don't. She used to say if she ever got drunk again she'd never come back. But she didn't have any money—she's given Mr. Bentley every cent of it. And we didn't have any warning. She was as cheerful as could be yesterday morning. Mrs. McQuillen says."

"It might not do any harm to notify the police," replied Hodder. "I'll go around to headquarters now."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

WAIT A WHILE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a girl of twenty and very much in love with a young man who is years my senior. This man has proved to me several times that he really returns my love to the full, but still my parents strenuously object to him.

The fact is, Miss Fairfax, he has a very black past. But since he met me he has reformed, and I feel certain that he will not backslide. My parents threaten to disown me if I accept his proposal of marriage, but he is the one true love of my life, and if I shut the doors of my heart to him I will never be happy again. I have only one friend, out of many, I assure you, who does not advise me to marry him. She says it is a mere fascination on his part, and true love on mine. However, my parents admit that he really loves me.

Please, Miss Fairfax, advise me what to do. HEART-BROKEN.

Wait a while and let him prove himself. Also prove to your parents and friends that he is worthy of you. You are very young and can afford to wait. And he should be willing to wait a reasonable length of time.

AFRAID TO SAY "NO."

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: For the past year I have been going about with a very fine chap. He has proposed marriage to me, and though I have not accepted him, my attitude toward him has been one of a sweetheart. I have displayed affection for him. After much nagging on the part of my family because I was going about with this chap, I find that my love for him is not what it used to be, but I haven't the heart to refuse him because of his great love for me.

WORRIED.

Make sure of yourself and your feelings. If you are so easily discouraged your love can't have much depth or stability. No matter how much sentiment you have about "keeping your self-respect" by marrying the first man who has made love to you, there's something bigger at stake. You won't make anyone happy by living a lie and trying to force a loyalty you don't feel. Better a broken truth than a marriage that is bound to break in time.

A BARRIER AHEAD.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-one and considered pretty. About two months ago I met a man fifteen years my senior. He loves me, but I have as yet not learned to love him. He has proposed to me several times, and not knowing what to do I always put him off, telling him I will let him know.

ANXIOUS.

Without love you have a barrier more impassable than fourteen years. With love, the great difference in your ages won't prevent a sharing of interests, sympathy and the love that comes from understanding.

ARABELLA WINTERBLOSSOM'S SHIFTLESS HUSBAND

ARABELLA HAS ALWAYS FLUNG A NASTY FLATIRON AND WHEN HER HUSBAND CAME HANGING AROUND THE OTHER DAY SHE FORGOT SHE WASN'T USING ONE OF THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND



The Woman Observer

STRENUOUS ART OF REDUCING.

Is there anything that a woman would do to reduce? Certainly not.

Here is a remedy for superfluous fat. It was just told the Woman and she passes it on, but in passing it she stops to remark that the any woman trying it more than once deserves to lose pounds and pounds and to have a niche in the Hall of Fame.

"It's a great stunt," said the inventor. "You take an automobile inner tube and split it. Then you wash it carefully to get all the talcum powder off."

"Then you attire yourself as did our ancestors Eve, and wrap the fattest part of you up in the tubing—tight. Be sure it's tight!"

"Of course you pin it. How stupid to ask. Then for modesty's sake you put on your B. V. D.'s or some thing of a similar nature. Then lie on your back on the floor and pretend you are riding a bicycle for twenty minutes and then get up and take a cold bath. You can almost see the flesh come off."

Now, does anyone want to try it?

GENTLE ART OF REDUCING.

While speaking of reducing—and it's the only thing women discuss these days—the Woman was told of a very ladylike way of reducing. She went to call on an old friend and as she followed her to the hotel corridor she took in the trim back and wondered just how many pounds had departed, but before she had a chance to comment on the fact her friend began, "Don't look at me. I've lost forty-six pounds. I'm going to lose fifty and then stop."

The woman gasped, for this was "some" drop.

"How did you do it? Severe diet?" she inquired.

"No, it's the simplest thing in the world. The doctor told me to eat less, but never to go hungry. He didn't make me eat out anything. I just ate two pieces of toast in the morning, eat one, is what he told me. If you eat two eggs, cut it down. After a little, you'll find that you don't really require so much food. Candy won't hurt you if you don't eat too much of it."

"Eat everything, but in moderation. Watch the scales and you'll see that you lose a pound a week without any trouble."

"I followed his advice. That was eleven months ago and I've lost forty-six pounds and I never felt so well in my life. The woman admitted that she had never seen her look better."

So here are two ways of reducing, ladies; take your choice.

Blouses for Early Spring

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THE return of the spring suit has encouraged the advent of the heavy crepe de chine, and there are some distinguished blouses that will find a warm welcome from the girl who craves a tailored appearance. For street or business wear one looks as well as a tailored blouse. But so cleverly are these shirts designed that they have not forgotten to be feminine also.

White wash satin, the lovely new crepe that reminds one of the heavy crepe de chine, and taffeta are all being used to develop the tailored blouse. Strictly mannish but smart is a stunning shirt of white satin, with a bosom finely tucked. A high turn-over collar and pointed turn-back cuffs are also attractive features.

Another smart model, fitted for the occasion, shows a Peter Pan collar, bordered by a half-inch pleated frill, and this continues down the front fold. Small round pearl buttons are used to advance

This Day in History.

This is the anniversary of the rescuing, in 1708, of Alexander Selkirk, on Juan Fernandez Island, where he had been one of four years, a castaway. His experiences furnished Defoe his inspiration for "Robinson Crusoe."

Earn Money at Home

By Loretta C. Lynch.

A HOUSEWIFE in a mid-Western city writes asking me how she can make some extra money at home.

What can she do? Of course, it all depends upon her talents and ability. The habits of the very often that a woman passes up the simple thing that she can do well and attempts the thing she believes to have a greater money value because it is more difficult for HER to do. And since the average woman has to cook three times a day, we might suppose that she has, after several years, become a fairly good cook.

But let me tell you of a woman who found her income suddenly reduced in one of the large cities of the East. She lived in a large apartment house. There were something like eighty families in the house. More than half of these were business couples and many of the others belonged to the semi-leisure class.

Left to face the necessity of increasing her income, she attempted to study the habits of living of the business couples.

Then the little lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Thrifty, had an idea. Would it be worth anything to these folks to come home and find the bed aired and made up and the table set out and a simple meal ready? Well, she would find out. She was very frank. She stated her case to one young business couple. They immediately gave her a duplicate key to the apartment and the next day the adventurous experiment began. By eight o'clock in the morning the little business couple had gone. By half after nine their apartment was in perfect order and the table daintily set for the evening meal.

In a short time, couples were beginning to be "taken." For Mrs. T. used to furnish hot dinners which could be taken to their own apartments. And since you used Mrs. T.'s dishes—and they were pretty ones—you did not have the bother of washing dishes after dinner.

She charged fifty cents a day for putting the apartment in order and seventy-five cents for each evening dinner.

And when one adds a string tie of black she will agree that this fetching blouse is charmingly youthful.

An odd blouse for an open-front suit is fashioned of flesh-colored taffeta and closed in the back. The front is laid in fine pleats and has a high choker collar.

Among the lovely models is one that shows a deep roll collar, pointed at the ends and completely pin-tucked. The straight band cuffs that finish the long sleeves are likewise tucked.

Blouses of this kind are double-crossed with pin tucks to form attractive squares.

But not only are the tailored blouses of silk materials, for batiste, French voile and nainsook are responsible for some unusually smart blouses of the tailored type. Hand-drawn work lends beauty to these exquisite waists. Long roll collar and cuffs that one might turn outside on her suit coat are interesting features, and prove attractive assets when one wears this waist with a silk sweater.

Is Marriage a Success?

ALL MARRIAGE A GAMBLE.

Marriage is a gamble. To be a success, one has to be lucky or fortunate, the same as in any other form of gambling, only the odds are against the man, on account of the present-day type of girl.

It is not the painted doll whom people waste time writing about. Any one who has no shame or self-respect in public is not worth considering. It is the clever type—that the average man is not familiar with—that is dangerous.

When they want an evening's pleasure, they always pick an acquaintance from another locality than their own home, and mislead themselves. Sometimes they make mistakes and go with one from the neighborhood, with the result that their mask comes off.

Though being without a "home," a "sweet home" since the age of five, I don't intend to take any chances on getting married till the odds against men are stricken out and it becomes an even chance.

PATIENTLY WAITING.

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FINDS BRUNETTES SELFISH.

"I AM twenty-two and have quite a number of friends of both types and I find that in nine cases out of ten the brunette is the one that is always out for good time and who goes out with a young man no matter what kind of an appearance he will make."

I would like very much to say that even though I am a blonde, of which I am very proud, I have never got so low as to go and talk about anyone no matter what type they are, even though I have had good reason to have been able to do so.

A.C.

NO LAZY LIFE FOR HER.

In reference to "Clarice D." oh, what a wonderful and happy home she could have if she only had spunk! When I was married I had been used to hard work, and the change to leisure in hotel life after our honeymoon was over was more than I could stand.

But now, oh, I am as busy and happy as my husband is wonderful, and I have a grand little baby. So, as "George Dewey" writes, "be busy and let God give you a little one," and then you will find happiness—yes, the greatest happiness that comes to a mother.

A HAPPY MOTHER.

Women: By A Male Cynic

All my life I have been associated with women. My ancestors for generations back have been women—strange as it may seem. There were my great-grandmothers, my grandmothers, my mothers, my sisters with whom I was raised. I had 11 sweethearts, three wives, six daughters and two granddaughters. I had studied women in real life, in pictures, in books and on the stage. I have analyzed them bit by bit. I have examined them through the microscope, the field-glass, the opera-glass and the telescope.

I have watched them in anger, in sorrow, in pity and despair. I have seen them in nothing and I have seen them in everything. I have cultivated the society of all things feminine from vamps to saints. I have sung to them, prayed to them, cajoled them, loved them, pleaded with them and denounced them. I have written a set of ten books about women.

I have absorbed and obsessed myself with women as with nothing else.

And yet woman is a sealed book to me.

H. D.

Maryland Cooking

Recipes From the Mel-wood Cook Book.

(Clip them out and paste them in your scrap book.)

ONION SOUP.

Cut in slices eight good large onions. Brown in two tablespoonfuls butter, being careful not to allow the onions to get more than a golden brown.

Cover with one quart of water and boil for one-half hour on the back of the stove. Strain. Return to the soup pot, and add 1/2 pint of cream or rich milk. Season with salt and pepper.

Serve with croutons or toast, on which has been spread grated cheese, and then browned in the oven. After taking from the oven, cut in very narrow strips. Place two or three of these strips in each plate and pour the hot soup over it.

Onion soup should be served in a smaller for ten minutes, add or an earthen pot, as it keeps the soup hot. In many places the soup is served in these little pots, in which it is also cooked.—Mrs. Percy Duval.

SCALLOPED MUSHROOMS.

2 cups mushrooms,
2 tablespoons cream,
3 tablespoons flour,
1/4 teaspoon chopped parsley,
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice,
1/4 teaspoon salt,
Dash paprika,
1 cup milk.

Peel the mushrooms and break them into pieces, saute in hot butter three or four minutes, and add flour and parsley to the mushrooms, stir until flour is absorbed by the butter, then add one cup of milk. Simmer for ten minutes, add lemon juice and paprika and salt, remove from fire, beat yolk of egg with cream and stir into the mixture. Fill scooped-out tomatoes or should say extremely clever—over the top, set in oven long enough to brown the crumbs.—Mrs. Elizabeth Corey.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

Beat 4 eggs,
2 cups of milk,
Nearly a loaf of crumbled bread,
2 tablespoonfuls of butter,
2 squares of chocolate, melted,
1/2 teaspoonful of salt,
1/2 cup sugar.

Sweeten to taste, and mix well. Bake slowly until no milk is seen when a knife is dipped in the center.

Beat the whites of the eggs to stiff froth, add 1/2 cup sugar, and vanilla and spread over the pudding when it is baked. After the meringue is on the pudding the oven must be quite cool so that the meringue will not fall.—Mrs. Stalling.

(Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. Percy Duval.)

How to Care for the Baby

This is the first of a series by Dr. Belden on the care of babies. Every mother should read and save these articles.

By Brice Belden, M. D.

A careful study of modern scientific methods of caring for babies will save a young mother much trouble and worry, to say nothing of rendering much more secure the precarious little life which has come under her care. Among the very first and most important things to do with the proper care of infants is the method of giving a bath.

The first full tub bath is given when the child is ten days old. The room in which the bath is to be given should be warm and absolutely free from draft, and the baby should be bathed very rapidly in order that all danger of chilling shall be avoided. This bath should not be under any circumstances be given sooner than one hour after the child has been fed. The water should during the first few weeks of the child's life be at a temperature of 100 degrees, but may be less warm as the child grows older.

In washing a baby a separate cloth should be used for the head and face, which parts must be washed completely and not hurriedly. The baby is put into the tub. The body should also be soaped before putting into the tub, and after the baby has been carefully placed in the water he should be well supported by the nurse's hand.

When the baby is dried a soft towel should be used and there should be very little rubbing.

It is well to know that while soft sponges are very useful in washing the baby's body, they should never be used on his face, as they are apt to become dirty and can easily spread infection from one part of the body to another.

There are some cases in which bathing must be omitted, such as cases where the baby is very thin and delicate, or in any case of extreme illness. In any form of skin disease there is danger of soap and water baths spreading the infection. (The second article in this series will appear Thursday.)

Hints for Ironing Day

It is a great help for mending day if, when ironing, one has at hand a tablet and pencil, and as an article is ironed which needs mending make a note of the nature of the need; as, for instance, "Father's shirt, two buttons;" "Jame's waist, patch." The clothes needing repairs are then placed by themselves with the list attached, and when mending time comes look over the list and find the required number of buttons, material for patching, different colored thread and whatever else may be needed, thus saving frequent getting up to find these things.

Try this simple, natural diet for a few weeks and see how much better you feel. Two Biscuits with hot milk make a warm, nourishing meal.

every day, every week all the year round, with the vim and vigor that come from simple, nourishing foods that are easily digested—foods that do not tax the stomach or poison the intestines—that's the man who eats Shredded Wheat Biscuit. It contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, is easily digested and keeps the intestinal tract clean, healthy and active.

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When a Girl Marries

A Story of
EARLY WEDDED LIFE
By Ann Lisle.

THE discussion with Phoebe so delayed my departure from Dreamworld that it was fully 5 before I made my explanations to Virginia and Neal and I had made the drive home.

With a feeling of relief for which even my hostess couldn't have reproached me I closed my eyes and sank back against the luxurious cushions of the car. The visit had been strenuous, to say the least. After the first peaceful evening it had been a regular whirlwind of the unexpected and the tragic.

Virginia, with all the good-will in the world toward two youngsters she wanted to see happy, was displaying a will to oppose the promises Phoebe and I had made to Father Andrew. Virginia had bulldozed Phoebe a bit at first. Then she had shifted her attack and had made the clever and insidious suggestion that Neal's allegiance might be overstrained by too long a wait. This threatened to outweigh Phoebe's loyalty to her promise. If Phoebe won Neal over—all his heart and soul would fight on her side—what was my duty?

It was an ugly tangle and I couldn't think my way out. The only thing to do was to talk over with Jim, to whom I had told the story.

ENGINE TROUBLE.

As I arrived at this conclusion the car came to an abrupt stop. A moment later Lyons opened the door and addressed me respectfully.

"Got a nasty bit of engine trouble, Mrs. Harrison, ma'am, begging your pardon, ma'am. Wouldn't have had it happen for anything, as it won't let us make town by dinner at all."

I bestirred myself and looked about. We were on a barren and empty stretch of road.

"No telephone here," I commented. "Can't you run along a bit, so I can call Mr. Harrison and explain?"

The engine stopped dead," explained Lyons. "It will take over half an hour at least to fix her and it's 6 now, with us only half way to the city. And the worst of it is, I had to make a detour, so we ain't near no inn nor anywhere that would be having a telephone. I'll be as quick as I can, and soon as ever we make the main road again I'll find a phone."

The delay was just about as Lyons had foretold. It was all of 6:30 when we reached a little inn and I put through the call for Jim's office. It was reported as not answering, so I risked no delay, but telephoned Hedwig that I couldn't be home till 7:30 or a bit later. Then off we tore again, streaking like wind through the darkness.

It was 8:15 when a tired, nervous, wayworn traveler named Anne Harrison arrived at her apartment. But Jim wasn't there to greet me. Instead there was a fussy Hedwig, who reported that Ange was